

## THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

duced within the limits of mere private life. I became satisfied that every fibre of that passion was thoroughly eradicated. (To James Monroe, 1782. F. III., 56.)

RETIREMENT.—It is a thing<sup>1</sup> of mere indifference to the public whether I retain or relinquish my purpose of closing my tour with the first periodical renovation of the government. I know my own measure too well to suppose that my services contribute anything to the public confidence or the public utility. Multitudes can fill the office in which you have been pleased to place me, as much to their advantage and satisfaction. I, therefore, have no motive to consult but my own inclination, which is bent irresistibly on the tranquil enjoyment of my family, my farms and my books. (To Washington, 1792. F. VI., 6.)

RETIREMENT.—In the meantime, I am going to Virginia. I have at length become able to fix that to the beginning of the New Year. I am then to be liberated from the hated occupations of politics, and to remain in the bosom of my family, my farm and my books. I have my house to build, my fields to farm, and to watch for the happiness of those who labor for mine. I have one daughter married to a man of science, sense, virtue and competence. (To Mrs. Church, 1793. F. VI., 455.)

RETIREMENT.—There has been a time when perhaps the esteem of the world was of higher value in my eyes than everything in it. But age, experience and reflection, preserving to that its only due value, have set a higher on tranquillity. The motion of my blood no longer keeps time with the tumult of the world. It leads me to seek for happiness in the lap and love of my family, in the society of my neighbors and my books, in the wholesome occupations of my farm and my affairs, in an interest or affection in every bud that opens, in every breath that blows around me, in an entire freedom of rest or motion, of thought or incogitancy, owing account to myself alone of my hours and actions. What must be the principle of that calculation which should balance against these the circumstances of my present existence! Worn down with labors from morning to night and day to day; knowing them as fruitless to others as they are vexatious to myself, committed singly in desperate